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The Overbe.
What a skeleton at the feast a German newspaper like the *Socialist Vorwaerts* must be, to bare to the world the terrible sufferings of the Berlin poor at this time, when all Germany is supposed to be on the pinnacle of exaltation over impending and decisive victory!

It takes a recital of the economic tragedy of Germany to bring us back to our perspective—to show us the real price that the people of Germany are paying for the glamour and the glory that their military masters have reared above their heads. *Vorwaerts* hints of a real catastrophe because of fuel famine, and relates a story which makes our own hardships owing to coal scarcity seem a mere trifle. But it goes much further than that; it shows us that the German millions have reached such a chronic state of undernourishment and subnormal vitality that peace itself will be but a poor restorative.

That is what the warp and wool of the German populace are enduring in this fourth winter of war, with worse staring them in the face. Not even the professional cuckoos of the German press hold out hope for a betterment of conditions. The best they can do is to spur the people to endure and endure, because victory is near, and with it peace. But the masses are weary of such camouflage.

The enemies of Germany are not building false hopes on the existence of such conditions; they are not counting on winning the war because of them. Militarism probably will remain in the saddle until the precipice is reached. What we gain by the realization of the suffering of Germany is the moral satisfaction of knowing that the economic attrition of our enemies is growing in intensity. They are finding the war much harder, much less tolerable, than we are. They are steered to a strain which will leave its mark on the stamina of their race perhaps for generations to come. Allied reverses in the field seem but a matter of small moment beside the undermining of the physique of an entire people—nay, several peoples. The whole Germanic group of nations is in a state of siege, and the siege cannot last forever.

It is not necessary to make pretence that keen war weariness and war suffering are confined to Germany. France is in a condition of dire distress. But her plight is nowhere near as severe as Germany's.

The Growth of Washington.
According to the police census, the population of Washington on November 1 was 395,947. Maj. Pullman adds as his belief that at least 5,000 persons have come into the city to live since November 1. Hence Washington is now in the 400,000 class.

Healthy as this figure sounds, it is far too conservative, as it is bounded by the milestones that surround the District. Figuratively speaking, another 50,000 might be added to these figures, for Washington as we have been accustomed to view it, includes many suburbs that, strictly speaking, belong to Maryland and Virginia. They are, nevertheless, Washington in so far as the prosperity of the city is concerned.

The merchants of Washington cater to them and in most instances they find their living in this city. But our basking in the light of these figures will be but short lived, for even as we write others are coming into the city in a stream that is encouraged by the war activities of the nation. With the prospect of the war lasting several more years there is every reason for the belief that Washington will pass the half million mark within another year.

The statistics made public Friday are interesting because of the general aspect of the increase. All but one precinct of the city shows a substantial gain. The only section that fell behind the census of 1915 was the Eleventh precinct, which includes Anacostia and other points across the Eastern Branch.

The figures are a source of gratification to the entire city.

Suppose You Were They.

When a living, breathing human victim of injustice knocks very often at your front door, sometimes as often as twice a day, you are pretty near the Hun class if you sit back in your soft comfort and refuse to be interested.

How much do you know about those fine fellows who serve you in blizzard or sizzard, in rain or sunshine, in hail, in sleet, between the lightning flashes—the letter carriers? You see them, at this season of the year, working far into the night under loads that make stagger a horse. Does it ever strike you that they are your employees, doing your work, under your pay? Does it ever strike you that if great injustice is being done these faithful fellows, it's because of your indifference, your absorption in self?

The foregoing to awaken you to the fact that the postal workers, your employees, are asking an increase of pay from you, in a bill presented in your Congress. How have you been treating them?

You have given them one increase in forty years—just ten years ago, when a dollar would go twice as far as it does now, as you well know. Their minimum wage is \$2.22 per day, the maximum \$3.33, or much less than you'd have to pay to get ordinary ditch-diggers. And, at that, your postal employees have to work, on the average, nine years to get that maximum.

While your postal employee is off duty through illness he is also off the payroll. You grant him no pension. You make him buy his own uniform, the cost of which has advanced 50 per cent since you gave him that raise, ten years ago. You make him work long hours of overtime, but pay him the regular hourly wage for it. You work him so much nights that he has to sacrifice his social life with family and friends. When he has loyally stuck by the job for, say, forty years and becomes unfitted for anything else, you "turn him out to grass" himself, exclusively, to find the grass.

That's the way you've been treating your postoffice clerks and letter carriers. And, last year, your Postoffice Department returned you a net surplus of \$5,827,236.07!

Moreover, in the last session of your Congress you raised the pay of all government employees except those of your underpaid, profit-making Postoffice Department. Now, don't try to dodge the responsibility! Don't

try to satisfy yourself by saying that it's up to Congress! It is your Congress. The shame and injustice of this thing are roosting right on your doorstep. It is your Congress, your money, your employees, nobody else's, and so the whole responsibility is yours. Write to your Representatives and Senators and urge that they increase the pay of your faithful postal employees, with your money, by at least 25 per cent.

Five Years of War.
"The disposal of Alsace-Lorraine is the only item that stands in the way of peace." This decided assertion is not our own, but comes from the lips of a prominent Englishman. Foolish as it is, there are a number of people in this country who believe it. Let them stop and consider for a moment.

By this time all of us know the basic philosophy upon which German opinion is founded. Molded into the one word "Kultur" are the precepts of German opinion for the past forty years. This is a war of territorial self-defense, but only on the part of France. If Alsace-Lorraine were the only issue it could be speedily ended.

But with England, and particularly with America, it is a war of national ideas (or ideals) against national ideas. And President Wilson sees the end of the war only when Germany is crushed. The German people stand just as firmly behind their national ideals. They are no more willing to surrender their theory in life than we are to give up the ideals of our Constitution and our Bill of Rights.

Therefore, the issue is as big as any issue of any previous war. Germany will surrender when her armies are beaten. Her armies will not be beaten until they are decimated and killed off. We cannot make any real offensive for at least a year, and it will be several years before all the allies are pulling together in a real big effort.

It looks as though there would be five more years of war.

An Epidemic of Exposure.

It is a pity there are so many legitimate points of attack on the management of the war by the administration.

Hammering the Food and Fuel administrations because of existing transportation conditions is hardly fair. It has a false ring to it, for Mr. Hoover has had a problem to solve which some official believed was insoluble; he has labored perseveringly to school the easy-going, wasteful American people in a little bit of sacrifice and self-denial as regards food; he has been the target of millions who have a very real case against the outrageous profiteering that certain retailers are indulging in. He has done very well, indeed. If given a larger grant of power by Congress he would do better.

The same is true of Mr. Garfield. The defects of the Fuel Administration are due to war conditions and the indisputable railroad collapse in the face of unprecedented business. They are surely not attributable to inefficiency in Washington.

Let Congress turn its probe on the War and Navy departments and on the profiteers. These should be its primary objects of attack.

A legless newsboy has climbed Mount Hood. Some feat. But in climbing that mountain legs are usually in the way.

Storekeepers in British cities are urged to reduce their number of bills to save paper. 'Rah for a billless day once a week, or oftener!

Ohio prohibitionists, freezing pretty solid just now, figure out that it takes almost a pound of coal to produce a pint of beer. Why beer? See?

Distinguished Chicago psychopath announces that the longer you kiss the same woman the less thrill you get, because the electro-chemical action diminishes. Darn! They're trying to work us toward a kissless day!

Condemning suffragist picketing at Washington, Mrs. Harriet Upton, of Ohio, says: "We never get anything by going after a man with a rolling pin." Which would indicate that Ohio husbands are right neat at foot-work.

The Proper Credit.

The conversation in the lobby of a Washington hotel turned to the subject of cheerful givers, when this little story was recalled by Representative Frank H. Mondell, of Wyoming:

"Smith was a good man, but very parsimonious, and his weekly contribution in church never weighed very heavily on the plate. One Sabbath he was so preoccupied that he made a mistake of offering a \$5 gold piece instead of a cent. Discovering his error the following morning, he speedily hustled for the parsonage.

"I am very sorry," he said the parson, after listening to the tale of the golden donation, "but I am afraid it is too late now to correct the error. You see, our accounts have been made up and the money put in bank."

"Well, I suppose I shall have to let it go," responded Smith, with a sigh of resignation that was almost pathetic, "but there is some consolation in the thought that I will get credit for \$5 in heaven."

"But you won't get credit for \$5, my dear man," was the prompt rejoinder of the dominie. "You will get credit for only 1 cent."—*Philadelphia Telegraph.*

Jerusalem.

Swept, not kept, by a tribal horde,
Taken by Islam's men,
Now do Your children open, O Lord!
It's gates to You again!

The youths whose blood was never iced
Leap where the foemen be,
Each ready to be sacrificed
To make the whole world free,
As You were ready, freedom's Christ,
Captain of Calvary!

Where the dread darts of David slew
The Jebusites as they knelt,
Smiling, the Saxon smashes through!
Laughing, there leaps the Celt!

(Clang of arms; the air astir
With new, mad cannon's roar;
And all the little Kings that were
Peer through the ages' door,
And lo! from out the sepulchre
You rise and walk once more!

Where Shishak smote King Solomon's son
And laid the temple waste,
Your sons look upward to You, the One
And each is radiant-faced.

Men leap across a crumbling court
Where once there was a crown;
Where sinuous dancing girls made sport.
Behold the Tammies frown!
And out of heaven's furthest fort
Another host sweeps down!

Arab phantoms and Philistines
Rifled you, smote you sore,
Now, O Lord! where the slant sun leans
Look You, Your open door!

These conquerors not Jack nor Jim—
Grenade nor cannon crew;
The heavy hammers of a hymn
The walls have beaten through.
See! I want to earth the seraphim
And take it, Christ, for You!

Babylon, Ptolemy, dead and done!
Dust are their loves and wrath!
But look You today, O Only One!
The palms again for Your path!
—John O'Keefe, in the New York Sun.



"AND GOSH! I NEVER GOT FARTHER THAN KINDERGARTEN!"

BOOK REVIEWS

Love Stories of the Bible and Their Lessons for Today. by Billy Sunday. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, \$1.50 net.

"If Bill Shakespeare says it," Billy Sunday points out in the preface to his first book, "it is literature. If Bill Sunday says it, it is sacrilege." The Rev. Sunday states that it is his business to talk about sin as it is—not to put a stained-glass window before it. Those who have heard Mr. Sunday's picturesque eloquence, which has drawn thousands up the "saw-dust trail," will find that he loses nothing of his power when addressing his audience through the medium of the printed page, and also that his vivid personality is felt nearly as much as when he in person stands before his people.

He gives in this book, in his own inimitable style, the great love stories of the Bible—Ester, Abraham and Sarah, Jacob and Rachel, Isaac and Rebecca, etc. Then in all—and at the end of each shows the great lessons which may be learned from them.

The Shadow on the Stone. by Marguerite Bryant. New York: Luffield & Company. Price, \$1.25 net.

When "The Shadow on the Stone" is read a unique impression is left in the mind of the reader, for it is so different in idea and construction from most novels, and is so different in its treatment of the subject. At first, the book seems overweighed with names, expressing meaningless characters, until the realization comes that these many characters are introduced because they are necessary in giving the proper atmosphere and clue to the story. Neil Meredith is an exalted sort of hero who sacrifices his life for his ideals. These ideals are not mere theories, built upon fantastic dreams, but are deep metaphysical and spiritual laws, which inspire him to give his life for the good of the race. "The Shadow on the Stone" has just the proper amount of romance to create a dual interest. It is an "essay novel" and so subtly does the discriminating reader is sure to enjoy it. The style is easy and charming.

The Enlightenment of Paulina. by Ellen Wilkins Tompkins. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Price, \$1.50 net.

This new novel is one of those books which one reads with a feeling of regret—regret for what they might have been. For there is some good work in "The Enlightenment of Paulina," but it is overshadowed almost all and futile by the author's apparent lack of any sense of light and shade, any sense of what to eliminate. Vigorous blue-penciling and pulling together might have made an interesting novel out of what, as it now stands, is a very tedious one. Paulina herself, especially in the opening part of the story, is well drawn; as the tale advances she steadily becomes less interesting.

The backbone of the plot is the familiar theme of the woman who, married to one man, falls in love with another.

The Forfeit. by Ridgewell Cullum. author of The Son of His Father. Philadelphia: The George W. Jacobs and Company. Price, \$1.25 net.

A ranch story of Montana which centers around the fact that the leader of the "Lightfoot Rustlers" and the likable but devil-may-care brother of the hero are one and the same. The cattle thieves are run to earth through information obtained from a woman by the offer of a \$10,000 reward, and Rony Masters, the brother, is strung up.

How fate some years later throws this woman in Jeff's path, his marriage to her, his discovery that she was responsible for his brother's death, and the complications that ensue therefrom provide the material for a story that compels the absorbed attention of the reader to the very end.

Love Stories of Court Beauties. by Baroness Von Hedemann-Franck. Illustrated. New York: George H. Doran and Company. Price, \$2.00 net.

THE OPEN FORUM

UNIVERSAL FINGER PRINTS.

"Suburban Father's" Letter Inspires C. J. Evans to Reply.
Editor the Washington Herald:
Again an article comes to my notice through your "Open Forum" concerning the disappearance of young girls in this city and deploring the way in which such cases are handled by the Washington police, written by "A Suburban Father."

The suburban father does not take into consideration that a policeman's duties are not merely to hunt up everybody's lost child or husband, but to keep persons within the law, prevent accidents and a multitude of other things, and, believe me, it is no snap. And anyway, what can a policeman do with a lot of "descriptions and remarks," for the person described may change clothing, distort their faces, color their hair, become clean-shaven and offset the description in a great many ways, which tend to lessen the chances of the policeman to find the missing person.

Our friend also sets forth the fact that they have disappeared "as completely as if the earth had swallowed them," which is due to a great extent to the shrewdness of the person missed using a sort of "camouflage" to deceive the detective or policeman. And he does not mention the fact that a little co-operation by the public with the police department would greatly facilitate the finding, and possibly the prevention, of such persons becoming lost. And finger-print records of relatives and friends who might "stray" is a positive means of identification and a solution to the problem, as the "patterns" of the fingers never change, and the time of birth until decomposition of the body, after death. I would venture to say that one finger-print record is equal to the services of a dozen of detectives or policemen.

It is a very hard matter, as you already know, to educate the public to co-operate with the police in such cases by being prepared to furnish the police with all possible identification of a missing person, because the average citizen has an idea that a policeman is "a human bloodhound." If the missing person is not found, Mr. Citizen usually "jumps" the police department for being inefficient, when, as a matter of fact, it is the citizen's fault because said citizen would not take the time to prepare a positive identification of the members of his family to be used in case any of them meet with an accident—down, be caught in a fire or falling building, street car or railroad train, taken violently sick on the street and sent to a hospital, or even "killed on the field of battle." It is a fact that many persons have buried a relative and mourned him as dead, when if the truth were known, the long-lost relative "still lived, and all this sorrow for the reason that proper identification could not be established of the corpse of the "relative." Then, too, the "lost relative" would never

have been lost if a finger-print record had been made when the person in question was a child. How will the Smiths in Kansas, N. S., identify the relatives killed by the horrible explosion of a few days ago? After burying a number of shamed, mangled, unidentifiable bodies, how are the Smiths to know that they saved all of their dead relatives a "decent" burial, or that the relatives were not still alive? Can the police identify them? No!

Every citizen knowing nothing practical about finger-print identification thinks that it is a means only for catching criminals by the police and detectives. But they are wrong and vastly so, for a person once having had his or her finger-prints taken will hesitate about stealing from the "straight and narrow," and thus eliminate parental worry and lift a great burden from the shoulders of such relatives and especially the police, who would welcome such a move as this with open arms. If everybody would co-operate with the police department in the way suggested, Suburban Father, we would not have to add to the number of policemen we already have, and in this way would release some of our young men, who are thinking of becoming policemen for service "over there."

I hope that the next time a "young girl" is lost, strayed or stolen that the relatives concerned will present the police department with a good description, and last but not least, a perfectly good, classifiable finger-print record of the lost girl. Full instructions for "The Preparation of Finger-print Records," a blank form on which the record may be made, with the classification of the record, may be had for less than one dollar from a finger-print bureau in this city, and I hope that the time is not far off when the finger-print records of every member of every family will be placed in the back of the family Bible for future reference.

CHARLES J. EVANS.

WORKING 7 DAYS A WEEK.

Watchman at National Museum Complains of Conditions.

Editor the Washington Herald: I see by your paper that the District employees are asking for a Saturday half holiday. Knowing the interest you take in poorly paid government employees, I beg to draw your attention to the watch force in the National Museum. We work thirty days a month for the princely salary of \$66. On Sundays and legal holidays they are substitutes to take the place of charwomen and inventory attendants. They also send a watchman to take the place of the telephone operator, who receives a salary of \$10 a year. We have petitioned the officials time after time for a day off a week, but receive no satisfaction. We are the only class of Civil Service employees who work seven days a week.

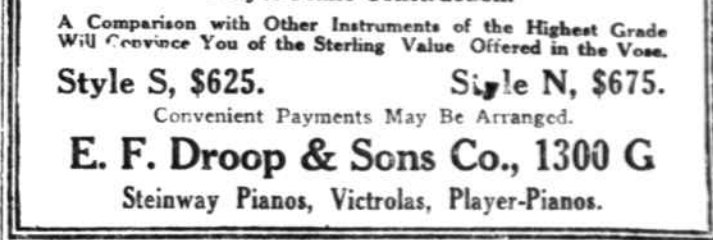
MUSEUM EMPLOYEE.

LIKES HERALD BEST.

New Resident Chooses After Reading City Papers.

To the Editor of The Herald: I have been a resident of Washington for one month, and having no friends or relatives for or about any newspapers, I began looking for one. I have settled on The Washington Herald as "my" newspaper because it is well printed, well edited, well illustrated and its features are the best I have seen. I wish you much success.

JOHN H. O'NEILL,
62 Pennsylvania Avenue.



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Steinway Pianos, Victrolas, Player-Pianos.

WHAT THEY SAY AT THE WASHINGTON HERALD

Showing 'Em How

Gordon H. Cilley, advertising manager of the Philadelphia store of John Wanamaker, announces that it is planned to use this coming season DOUBLE the amount of advertising space used last season.

This policy is adopted in order to overcome selling handicaps imposed by war conditions, to properly educate people as to the new complexion of buying problems, and to establish the great store more firmly in the public esteem as a service institution.

We cite the Wanamaker example to any and all who may be inoculated with the virus of timidity and overcaution. It is an example which the wise will follow and the foolish ignore.

Consider this well and see whether it is not truly your duty to follow the example of the above-cited instance. Your duty to your country and your fellowman.

Be wise! Be patriotic!

ADVERTISE!

Place your announcements in Washington's Home Paper—the medium that carries the greatest percentage of HOME CIRCULATION of any published in this city.

The HERALD!

George A. Ritter.